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BE ANXIOUS—IF YOU CAN

THE German philosopher, Karl Jaspers (now 78 years of age) lived through the Nazi terror. He was married to a Jewish wife and through her had Jewish connections. Because of his marriage and opinions he was deprived of his professorship at his German university. A man who had been writing and publishing all his life was not allowed to publish. He and his wife were in danger of the concentration camp, and in the war of their lives. Rescue came just in time from the allied armies. He returned to his work and publishing and helped to recreate the new Germany. Since then his philosophy has had a profound influence in Europe.

In 1953 one of his books, "The Origin and Goal of History" was published in this country, and in it the philosopher who had lived through so much, pleads for what philosophers do not usually plead—anxiety, particularly when men are living for the future.

The Forgetting

But first of all he has a faith :

"Man cannot get lost entirely, because he is created in the 'image of the Deity': he is not God, but he is bound to Him with off-foretelling and always imperceptible, but fundamentally understandable, ties. Man cannot altogether cease to be man. Sleep is possible, absence and forgetfulness of himself. But man as a whole cannot be an ape or an ant, nor, in the present a reflex machine...."

So much for the faith. But—and for Jaspers this is a real but—man can be brought to the brink of this. He is near the brink now, in this modern civilisation. How can he save himself?

"The only hope is for horror to become conscious. Nothing but the most lucid consciousness can help us. Dread of such a future may perhaps prevent it. The terrible forgetting must not be allowed to take place. The fact that these things have happened causes anxiety: They may be repeated, they may spread, they may conquer the globe. We must keep our anxiety, which is translated into active concern."

The terrible forgetting has taken place during the past few weeks. We have been living through one of the most damaging periods of the post-war world. With hardly a tremor on their lips the world's leaders have been speaking about the possibility of nuclear war, of preparations for it, and the calm destruction of millions of people. Their words as far as can be seen and heard have hardly made an impact upon human consciousness. It is almost taken for granted that such words can be used, and that civilised men can talk to millions of people over the television (and to one another) blandly about incalculable human destruction. It is now accepted that in a few months everything

called civilisation can be destroyed and no need do anything about it. Men are buried beneath the apparatus of their civilisation. It all seems so normal, compact and right, that it can go on day after day without a moment's thought about its possible destruction. It is far easier to forget than to remember, for if the real horror were brought to the consciousness such changes would have to take place that would hurt and wound the spiritual torpidity of people.

Space Man

It is far easier to sing poems of praise to the space man than to think of what the science that sent him into the air can do to the human race—if the forgetting goes on. It is far more romantic and thrilling to bring the young space man on to the world scene than the scientists who sent him there. But the space man was the instrument of the scientist's dreams. Except for his youth and the symbolisation that goes with it, and his courage, he is really in terms of the experiment, a nothing. A dog, an animal is tried out first of all, and then the dog having survived, the space man can accomplish what the dog has done. All this is glamorised into the conquest of space. It is of course the conquest of space, but why? For Mr. Khrushchev and President Kennedy to harangue one another by television? For the British Foreign Secretary to speak blandly of the possibility of war? For Mr. Macmillan to speak of a relentless struggle between the East and the West for two generations?

The Terms Have Changed

During the decade after the first world war according to Sir Winston Churchill only a lunatic would have talked about war. He was right. But that lunatic would have been talking about war in terms understood some forty years ago. Those terms have changed, almost escaping human imagination, yet able men, acting on behalf of dictatorships and democracies alike talk and act about war. What the able men are doing is buried in forgetfulness. Because of a "crisis" one side increases its armed strength. Everyone knows what automatically will follow, the other side increases its strength. It is quite certain that within the present balance of power and the knowledge each side has of its opposite's resources that no one side in the cold war is likely to get, or be able to present, greater strength, appreciably than the other. Yet the sham struggle with armed strength and death goes on, a struggle that can easily end in death.

The Shams Held For Faiths

It is the common people everywhere who are forgetting. They are submerged in the shams that are held before their eyes for faith. No one knows in the least what the utopias of the future are going to be like; they are buried in mystery deeper than the mysteries of the ancient superstitions of hell and a physical heaven. Yet the utopias for everyone are dragged out as the end all and be all of life. The "pic in the sky" has become the "pic on earth", and the one is as cheating as the other.

There are signs that the mass of men are at last beginning to stir, and are having the courage to remember. The esoteric devotees of crises and clever moves of strategic power are not quite having it their own way. And this is true of every country. The past few weeks, and the coming few weeks, may be sufficient to shake enough people out of their torpor to ask the question why? Man is not a "reflex machine", and the television diplomatists may not be speaking for the hidden human power.

THE LEAP TWO TYPES OF FAITH

By Ernest Werner

(Reprinted, in part, and with a new title from the "Unitarian Christian" of March, 1961, the paper of the American Unitarian Christian Fellowship.)

IS it after all a weaker position to believe in God than to disbelieve? Such is a current popular feeling. The disbeliever hasn't a superstructure of theology to keep on defending or patching up. He seems to be in the stronger position by appealing to experience and evidence directly at hand.

Clearly, we cannot defend all the *ideas* of God which either our traditions give us or our philosophers attain. Many of these are contradictory; there is a continuous theological debate. On the whole this weakens the claims of theology and ought to serve to remind us of the imaginative and hypothetical ingredients theology draws on, and must, to deal at all with a subject matter that is elusive, invisible, and always rising toward transcendence. The first theological fact is that we have no perfectly adequate idea of God, and the first theological statement might well be a confession of ignorance. It is not that we know nothing but that everything we do know is problematic, complex, ambiguous. Everything fruitful happens after we recognize this.

What I want to show here is only that faith exists in at least four types, which so far as one can tell cover the stances men adopt toward ultimate issues, e.g., life, death, destiny, God. The types are pure and rather abstract as we discuss them, and for the time being all the sub-variations which may occur do not interest us. What is interesting in the light of our initial question is that atheism, agnosticism, and humanism are no less types of faith than faith in its conventional meaning as faith in God.

We define faith as the *leap into stability with reference to the ultimate issues of life*. The "leap" of faith (Kierkegaard's word) is a sensitive description of something characteristic in each type of faith. You jump to some enduring affirmation before all the evidence is in. It never will be in—all of it. You think as long as you can, reflect on experience, talk, read, listen—and still you have to make the leap into some ultimate stability, some steadfast affirmation which will hold up against contrary evidence and experience.

I know it is shocking to talk this way. It is the very reason why the non-believer objects to "faith". Why make the leap? Isn't it the end of openmindedness? And how in the world can you speak of contrary evidence and experience and then pretend that your faith is truthful?

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The point is that the four types of faith, namely, theism, agnosticism, and humanism all show these characteristics un-

mistakably. Each represents a leap to some ultimate stance before all the evidence is in (evidence, *all* of which is *never* coming in). The necessity of it belongs to the structure of human existence with respect to any of its ultimates, where every human stance remains problematic no less than faith in the ordinary sense. To say that faith seeks a stabilizing ground where it is capable of withstanding contrary evidence and experience is to make a statement applicable to the atheist, the agnostic, or the humanist no less than the theist.

The first theistic type of faith is theism, faith in God. (Theos is "god" in Greek). Either a Being or some Quality of being is looked on as the high source of all our human truth and good. The source cannot be damaged, cannot exhaust itself. God lives and creates unceasingly.

Ideas about God are very various and often poor. A reptile, a fish, a bull, a manshape, a monster may all be gods in the phase of idolatry that creates images in wood and stone. Idolatry today has retreated to the imagination; the images are interior but surprisingly often there, contrary to the Second Commandment which is a programme for a thoroughgoing iconoclasm in the name of the spirituality of God.

Faith is Always Problematic

Faith in God is therefore not necessarily good and it immediately precipitates the question, What kind of God? Infinitely powerful and good? Powerful but not infinitely good? Good but limited? A person, a subperson, a superperson, an entity beyond personality, a force, a thing, no-thing? I am not arguing for any conception where the "leap" of faith is not required. Before all the evidence is in or can be, one leaps. Included in the leap is a determination to withstand contrary experiences and evidence by the force of deeper experience and confirming evidence. Thus, to describe God as the source of all your good, as your Heavenly Father, as one who loves you, as one whose Son raised Lazarus from the dead, and to have your child run over by a truck and killed before your eyes is to be faced with a contrary evidence. Faith never ceases to be problematic, cannot be wholly free from doubt. What it means is not intellectual certitude but firmness in a stance toward the ultimate issues which we cannot be forever rethinking! Firmness in faith means withstanding lesser elements of experience which stream in another direction and tend to undermine your stance.

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The affirmation of God is therefore a very broad thing in itself, but I do not know that it ever reaches a lower mood than resignation, as in the pessimistic Ecclesiastes. Koheleth does not despair; he is stoical. The affirmation of God may sometimes reverse itself into atheism with violently passionate negations and attacks. As a rule faith in God looks naively for goods at hand as direct evidences or more profoundly locates its good, its hope, its consolation in God as God, regardless of any present plight. Whether I live or die is no matter; God is. So faith in the usual sense of theism often accompanies a mood of hopefulness; life is good, despite its evils; life does matter, despite its insignificance; life is meaningful, despite its whirlpools of senseless vacuity.

The reason why people are often shocked by atheists seems to lie here. Atheism often, though not necessarily, is sheerly nihilistic. Life is not good, does not matter, has no meaning. It is not always people's ideas of God which atheism offends but their feeling for life in its hopefulness, its potential for renewal, its mysterious significance.

Atheism a Type of Theism

Atheism is the second type of theistic faith. Since atheism is a popular scareword, there is something to be said for the vaguer term, non-theism, to get rid of these emotional disadvantages. Yet atheism is a precise term because it implies the negation of existing theistic conceptions, and though it is unthinkable that you can deny a man's idea of God without provoking passionate opposition, so far as possible the term should be used neutrally in theological discussion.

Before all the evidence is in, before the atheist has thought all the thoughts or read all the books, before he has seen how things turn out, before he has had every experience and reflected

on it, he leaps. The human being seems to find indecision intolerable when it is accompanied by concern. If there is no concern, no religious passion, and only a superficial indifference, indecision is fine and rather convenient.

But the atheist is a man religiously concerned, often deeply aggravated and unable to forsake the subject of religion. He sees the pretence, the wishing, the dishonesty, the illusion in so much theistic believing, especially in its mediocre strata. He sees what Freud, and before him, Feuerbach saw in degraded religion and so he denies it. His denial is steadfast; he gains a stability with reference to such ultimate issues as life, death, destiny, God. Each wind of doctrine does not blow him off course, dash him now on these rocks, now on others. Contrary experience and evidence flows to him in a steady stream; he withstands it. Transcendence, wonder, mystery, the sense of significance, conscience, inexplicable renewal, the remorselessness of justice—things of that sort he regards not as the Voice of God but merely as the character of a dumb and speechless reality. The question is, can he prove his position, prove his negation? No. For the atheist no less than the theist, the problematics remain. They are part of the structure of human experience with reference to the ultimates which, however, we seem to need to take a stand on. Atheism is a form of integration. It orients one with reference to basic values. It seems healthier than disorientation or demoralized drifting, and as a criticism of inadequacies in current beliefs it may be motivated by the highest veracity.

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It is simply outside the scope of this article to try to show that one of these types of faith is superior to the others. The point is not that. It is rather that faith, conceived as the leap into stability with respect to ultimate issues, occurs in these types. The structures of each are at least similar. None is beyond doubt. Each requires the leap before the infinite evidence is gathered in, and each is exposed to currents of temptation as qualities of experience and varieties of evidence assail it. The inspiration behind these thoughts is my conviction that men must find some stability toward the ultimate issues but that no stance is free from the problematics of faith. If this is correct and acceptable, it should help us to do something toward dispelling the erroneous view that belief in God is weaker than its alternatives. No sooner do we take this subject out of its fundamentalist-modern deadlock (long since obsolete) than we see that the issue is not so simple as any too-easy scepticism supposes.

A LAYMAN'S DIARY

August 1 (North Brittany). We have been here just a week, but we feel as if we had been away from home for months. A holiday "abroad" is now a very commonplace event, I know, but until this year we had never quite felt equal, as a family, to the effort of transporting our five selves across the Channel and relying, for a fortnight or so, on our school French. Myself, I had visions of the journey as a fearsome series of engagements with all sorts of bureaucrats, passport officials, customs men, porters, ticket collectors and so on (all conducted, of course, in the enemy's language), followed by miserable days spent vainly trying to make oneself understood by shopkeepers or hotel guests. And then there was The Water. All foreign water was Dangerous, being full of—well, something or other—which meant that one had to exist on coffee (very expensive) or lemonade (very fizzy) or something forbidding called *vin ordinaire*. And even then they'd got you, because, after all, weren't those things mainly composed of The Water too? And at the junior end of the family, David had a fixed idea that the moment you set foot on foreign soil it became illegal to speak or listen to English; and besides, as he put it, he didn't want to spend a whole fortnight "eating frogs and drinking caviare".

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All these apprehensions seem very remote now, as we lie on the sand and listen to the confused jumble of sounds that arises on any beach during a summer holiday. French beach noises are pretty well like English beach noises, but there seem to be many more of them. This is because the French are more talkative than we are (to put it conservatively—the noise that echoes round our hotel dining-room at meal times is quite deafening), but also, I think, because French parents (on holiday, at any rate) are more content than we are just to let the children enjoy themselves; and if that involves noise, well, does that matter? I realise now that the reason why it is unnerving to hear children making a noise in a boarding house or on the beach in England is that subconsciously one knows that sooner or later some self-righteous adult is going to make a fuss. In France one is free from that apprehension, and the noise is delightful and stimulating.

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Indeed if I were Mr. Decca or Mr. Columbia I should hasten to market a long-playing record of "French beach sounds".



UPPER CHAPEL, SHEFFIELD

Dignity and integrity—this belongs to the founder chapel of the Sheffield Unitarians. It stands in the heart of the town.

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Send us photographs of the exterior or interior of your churches, or of anything connected with them.

The photographs, to be of general interest, must have artistic value. It is with this intention we hope to print them.

Tell other people of the beauty of your building.

You can buy records these days of air-raid sounds and train sounds, and even of whole motor races with running commentary (brrrh!); so why not a record of the innocuous and exhilarating sound of a holiday crowd enjoying itself? Remember the beach noises that fill the sound track of Jacques Tati's wonderful film *Mr. Hulot's Holiday*?

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And if I were Mr. Chad Valley of Slazenger, I should even now be laying out a fine new factory for the purpose of making the simple equipment needed for the French game of *boules*. I gather that this has long been a traditional game in the south of France, particularly in Marseille, but in recent years it has spread all over the country as a holiday and family game. The principle is the same as that of the solemn English game of bowls that one sees being played in dim religious silence on the faultless Cumberland turf of park bowling greens. You roll out a small "jack" and then bowl at it (two "goes" per player) and the winner is the player whose ball is lying nearest to the jack at the end of the round. But the beauty of the French version is that no smooth ground-surface is needed; the technique is to throw the *boule* most of the way, in such a manner that it lands almost vertically, and rolls only the last foot or two—so the game can be played on gravel, hilly turf, wet sand, dry sand, even on rough ground at the side of a public road. There seem to be no rules at all, and any number of players can compete; the *boules* are in pairs, in distinctive bright colours. As you stroll along the beach, or walk down a winding road, you may at any moment find the game being played by an old man with his three-year-old grandson, or by six or seven blue-jerseyed old salts, or by an assorted crowd of children and grown-ups. We have already acquired a family set, so that we can play it in the back garden at home and imagine we are back in Finistère. I am surprised that the games tycoons who fostered the hula-hoop fashion on us a few years ago have not seen the possibilities of this much more valuable game. It is pleasant to play, and pleasant to watch; and it is a social "bridge" of the first order.

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On his third day here Jamie came out of a shop (a sweet shop, needless to say) with a bundle of assorted purchases, saying with mild surprise, "I think I'm beginning to dig the lingo" (He has been "doing" French for only two years at school.) We are all beginning to "dig" it by now, mainly thanks to the extraordinary helpfulness of the French shopkeepers. The moment one is seen to be having difficulty with "the lingo", Madame behind the counter starts to speak slowly and clearly, and answer's one's halting inquiry with infinite patience, usually with the aid of a sum in simple addition which she jots down on a piece of paper and gives you one to keep. No one thinks our childish efforts funny as we struggle to compute old francs and new francs, in amounts which almost always seem to involve that wretched number *quatre-vingts*. If general DeGaulle really wants us to enter the Common Market, he need only do away with *quatre-vingts* and he will have my vote.

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There is no Protestant church in our small town here, so David's forecast about churchgoing looks like being accomplished. But next week we hope to attend the Catholic parish church for a *Concert Spirituel* to be given by a distinguished visiting Breton choir, which will afterwards, according to the posters, sing "*chansons profanes*" in the square outside. Furthermore, in the next ten days, before we go home, there will also be an Automobile Gymkhana, a Regatta, a concert of Negro Spirituals by "Les Compagnons du Jourdain", a Grand Concours de Pêche (hope I've got the accent right—it's fishing, anyway) and an Automobile Rally (with "*Défilé Humoristique*"). Not bad for a town of 2,000 inhabitants! But perhaps that is only to be expected from a township whose enterprises are run by a body called a Syndicate of Initiative—marvellous name for what is an English seaside town would no doubt be called the Municipal Information Bureau, and would look it, too.

AUSTRALIAN OUTLOOK

By W. Bottomley

THE Rev. David Torvell, who is at present Acting Minister of the Sydney Unitarian Church, was, in 1949, elected a Life Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society. For ten years, under the United Church of Canada, he was a missionary to the Eskimos in Labrador. On one occasion, pursued by a pack of wolves, he was compelled to sacrifice first one and then another of his dogs to delay the pursuit and enable him to escape. The Canadian Government appointed him to organise a full census of the Eskimo peoples in Labrador and Baffin Land. He received his early education at Manchester Grammar School and graduated B.A. at McGill University, Montreal. In his varied career he has acted as press observer in the Far East for the Manchester Guardian, Education Officer with U.K. forces in the Middle East, Military Correspondent in Malaya, where he was evacuated from Singapore in January, 1942. He has served Congregational churches in Australia for six years. In 1957 he was appointed as Secretary for Refugee Relief in conjunction with the World Council of Churches and U.N. A break-down in health compelled his resignation from all public activities, but under the kindly Australian climate he has recovered much of his former vigor. As a final note it is interesting that, as a youth in Manchester, he regularly attended Cross Street Chapel, and now he has come full circle, so to speak, to the Unitarian ministry.

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Whilst in New South Wales recently I heard a strange story which came to me second-hand from a minister who had acted as chaplain on one of the ships bringing migrants to Australia. The chaplain had stated that among the migrants were at least twelve Unitarians who, he believed, had Queensland as their destination. If that is so, why had we had no advice about their coming? It is possible, of course, that they were nominal Unitarians without any active connection with any of our British churches and that none of our ministers were aware of their migration. Still, it gives rise to the thought that there must be more Unitarians migrating to Australia of whom we never hear. Some time ago the Unitarian Fellowship of Australia, 130 Abbotford Street, North Melbourne, N.J., established a Committee under the Government's Bring Out a Briton Scheme, with a view to sponsoring Unitarians desiring to work and settle here. Should this meet the eye of any such, we suggest that enquiries should be made of the Secretary at the foregoing address. We would also welcome advice from ministers of any of their flock coming to Australia as migrants, so that we could welcome them and give them friendly assistance.

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Australia has had its "credit squeeze" which has caused a temporary set-back industrially and economically. But there are already signs of recovery on a more stable financial basis, though it will take time. Caution is therefore advisable and the Federal Government has wisely decided to curtail, for the time being, the inflow of migration.

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One has to travel far to discover Australia. Recently my wife and I went by plane to the Queensland Gold Coast. The first part of the journey, to Sydney, roughly about 300 miles, took exactly one hour and ten minutes; thence by another plane to Cooberpeggie and finally to Sander's Paradise by bus; total distance about 1,200 miles. There we had the pleasure of meeting Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Fister, former members and regular attendees under my ministry at Melbourne. Mr. Fister, Russian by birth, is the head of Consolidated Mianah, a raille industry, of Southeast (Qld.). His engineering skill and business acumen have brought him well deserved success. Both husband and wife take an active part in the cultural life of the community, particularly in drama production. On several

occasions we enjoyed their hospitality, a highlight being a delightful birthday party in my honour, with cake and candles to match!

The point of the first sentence in this paragraph, however is that we discovered Tweed Heads to be within a few miles of Surfers Paradise, where we have a subscriber to our journal, and have since been able to notify each party of their respective existences. We expect friendly contacts between them in future.

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It is pleasing to report that the pulpits of All Souls, Melbourne, and the Seaford Community Church, are being most acceptably filled by our own laymen, the U.F.A. being responsible for the planning. Some of their always worthwhile contributions will appear in the new journal, *Unitarian Quest*, which will have its first appearance this month. This will be the official organ of the Australian Assembly of Unitarian and Liberal Christian Churches, replacing *Quest* and *The Unitarian*.

HAIL AND FAREWELL

By R. D. Woodall

IT is last day of term with a difference. The last Assembly has been taken. The children have been told that next term starts on such and such a date. They have been wished a happy holiday and they have replied as usual "And the same to you, sir". Farewells have taken place. The 4 p.m. bell has gone and the children have disappeared off home. It remains to clear up. The desk is swept clear of the papers you will not need again. The desk diary is put ready for the start of next term. In the official log book of the school the entry is made "I completed my service today as head of this school". Keys are put away all ready for the next headmaster. One last look round on one's labours of the previous five years.

There are memories of the interview for the headship. You think of the Inspector who walked into the office like a C.I.D. man, of the young mistress who stipulated she would only come to the school, if she could teach music for half her time and who was later discovered to be unable to play the piano. You think of the old man who came in to have some form signed and who declared he was "Not one of Tommy's and not one of Blind Jack's", the leaders of the two political factions in the village.

For the last time you buy meat for the cats from the village butcher. For the last time you take the right turn by the Unitarian Meeting where you have attended for the past five years. There is that overwhelming sense of release of tension. No longer do you feel responsible for the welfare of a school. You feel that you have no more part in the life of the various local organisations you have faithfully supported.

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Moving day comes. When the house is empty except for a bed and a chair, the Unitarian minister calls to give you a little parting gift from the congregation. The phone goes for the last time about some triviality. There are the usual farewells to the neighbours.

The car is loaded with everything you couldn't get into the removal van. For the last time you drive out of the town northwards—maybe to fresh worries and fresh burdens. But as you wave your way through the traffic you think of making a new beginning.

The past is inescapable, however, and the pull of the past. The same daily and Sunday newspapers are ordered. There is no real time to think, for as soon as you have unpacked you are investigating the problems of the school you are to take over. You hear the same tales of what had not been done and of what ought to have been done and of how this and that crisis could have been avoided, if only things had been done differently. You have enough sense to realise that exactly the same will be being said in a school sixty or seventy miles away to a new head there.

You try to find where things are kept in the school, what official forms are different from those you have been accustomed

to; you try to master the geography of the building and to understand its personalities and undercurrents. Then comes Sunday morning. There is a temptation not to go to church or to go somewhere different. After all it is a new beginning. Almost automatically the car is got out. It takes longer to drive to chapel than you expected. You are late. You slip into the back row—almost under the gallery.

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You think of some twenty-one years ago at George's Chapel in Exeter when you did the same thing. "Hymns of Worship" are in the pews. You think of seeing them after walking eight miles from Hembury Fort to Pound Square Chapel in Cullompton to hear the Rev. A. Pocock preach. "City of God how broad and far", wasn't that the hymn the Rev. C. E. Jewell chose at Crediton, when you heard him give a sermon about the Atlantic Charter? Strange to see a full-time minister in the pulpit after the lay preachers you were used to in Stafford Street Chapel, Walsall, or the lay pastors you have seen elsewhere, all good sincere men. You notice in the woodwork the date 1697. "Faith of our fathers"—at any rate it gives an indefinable sense of belonging and then you realise that there has been one bond linking all the moves you have made in 21 years—the kindness and common sense you have met in the various Unitarian congregations you have attended at one time or another.

A new beginning? Could you really be at home anywhere else? You cannot be other than what you are and no one can escape from what he or she has been, for what you have been, has made you what you are. If you are depressed by the smallness of a Unitarian congregation now, what right have you to be? When first some indefinable sense of curiosity led you into George's Chapel, Exeter, that autumn evening of 21 years ago to hear Donald Fraser, how many were there in that congregation?

And, when you are honest with yourself, you know you do not belong to the many. "Where two or three are gathered together."

IT OCCURRED TO ME

By Marjell Hilton

WE all of us have particular words which when seen or spoken are charged with unusual delight. One of the words which has a pervading enchantment for me is "strange". The sound itself conveys something of its meaning, something elusive, mysterious, unknown, intangible. I find myself using it a great deal, and respond very swiftly when I hear others using it.

Recently at the Summer meeting of the L.D.F.A. our district minister commenced his address with reminding us of the strangeness of even the most familiar experiences of the every day. We might think, he said, that we have passed certain ways before and many times, but in reality not even a weary, monotonous way is exactly repetitive; there is an element of strangeness in it. Each dawn, each closing of the day is different from the preceding one, and we must strive to find the strangeness in the familiar and so keep the freshness in life. This is a theme very near to my heart. How can we keep this sense of "the strange in the familiar"?

One must first find time to reflect, to keep free as far as we are able from the weight of too many impressions that come us to become "neutral sponges". Simplicity, as taught by all the great religious teachers, is essential. "The world will never starve for want of wonders, but only for want of wonder", said G. K. Chesterton, and we have to keep our lives simple if we are constantly to renew our faculty for wonder. The love of nature, the love of poetry and music keep this sense of the lovely intangible strangeness of life, and as I looked at the people in the Dover church I could not help but think how strangely wonderful, that in spite of all the difficulties and distractions of modern life a faithful band could come together with certain ideas held in common for which they are prepared to sacrifice. The strangeness of human tin and affection should make everyone pause to reflect, wonder and to take new heart, and should not

a service of worship more than any other occasion make us aware of the strange wonder of living, the sense of our relatedness to each other and the life which enfolds us all ?

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The Penguin Modern Classics, the new Penguin series is fulfilling an important need. Many books of which people have heard are out of print or difficult to obtain, and some are only now being recognised as classics. In this series many of these are being published. I have long wanted to read "The Heart is a Lonely Hunter", by Carson McCullers, a novel which has become an American classic, and I was delighted to purchase it in this series.

It is the story of a group of people in the American South during the nineteen-thirties. They include a fat, lazy Greek, a drunken outcast, the proprietor of a cafe, a Negro doctor who is deeply conscious of the injustices against his race and a fourteen-year-old girl who is awakening to the splendour of music. The central character of the book is a deaf-mute, and the story revolves round the response of this group to this silent man. All the characters have a common inner factor—loneliness, and they feel that the deaf-mute possesses that for which they are groping.

There is a strange quality about the book which haunts one for a long time after one has finished it. The tragedy, the pathos and valour of the human struggle pervades the pages and makes it one of the memorable novels of our time.

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Recently I have been re-reading a book that has been on the bookshelves for some time and which is a particular favourite. It is Ernest Raymond's "From Literature to Life" which bears the sub-title "an anthology and an enthusiasm". In one of the chapters he says that a cry, be it a cry of pity, or a cry of amusement, or a cry of admiration—be it a sigh, a laugh or a cheer—is the expressed reaction of a sensitive soul to the spectacle of life before him. A sigh, a laugh, a cheer. Or we might put it this way. To be balanced we have to feel "the sad, still music of humanity", recognise its striving with a feeling of admiration and somehow to feel the humour of the human situation.

If we journey into the world of literature we soon realise that the great masters have expressed all three. Shakespeare comes most readily to mind. It would be interesting to discuss modern writers who have this balanced view. Who are they? There is a tendency today to see man as pathetic, an object for humour, hopelessly caught in the modern machine, but we do not read very much that makes him admirable. This is certainly not the balanced view. Our personal experience fortunately restores our faith in human beings for we have all known people in and outside our churches who have this capacity for feeling the tragic, the pathos in life, responding to human striving with admiration and also seeing the comedy in our situation.

Whatever we feel about the nature of life itself, however, we are baffled by its manifold mysteries, we can all strive to attain the balanced view. And with those who believe that religion is a way of life, it is good service to our religion that we grow in compassion, admiration, and if we can find the laughter too then we shall have attained the wholeness which is the most precious contribution to life itself.

Correspondence

Letters should be addressed to the Editor, "The Inquirer" 14 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. They should not in general exceed three to four hundred words in length.

The Rev. S. A. Steinthal

Sir: In his Diary "Layman" is correct in supposing that the Reverend S. A. Steinthal was once minister of Platt Chapel, Manchester. He came in 1864 to relieve Rev. W. Whitelegge, who retired in the following year.

Mr. Steinthal remained until 1871, when he became Rev. Wm. Gaskell's colleague at Cross Street Chapel. He took a prominent part in the removal of Manchester College to Oxford, helped to establish the first National Day School in Fallowfield and was one of the founders of the Lower Mosley Street Schools (now an adult Institute under the Manchester Education authority.)

The Rev. S. A. Steinthal was an ardent supporter of anti-slavery and one of the first advocates of women's suffrage. The securing of the municipal franchise for women was directly attributable to his efforts.

Mr. Steinthal later became a member of the Board of Management of the Manchester Children's Hospital until 1898.

His life was that of a minister living according to the finest traditions of Unitarianism.

As Gissing is mentioned by your contributor, it may be of interest to add that a later minister of Platt Chapel, the Rev. E. A. Smith, B.Sc., once told the writer that he had been tutor, and later a friend and correspondent of D. H. Laurence.

Manchester.

Yours, P. J. Humphry,
Hon. Sec. Platt Chapel.

The Hibbert Journal

The July *Hibbert* has its full measure of first-class reading. The first two articles are very properly devoted to the life and work of Rabindranath Tagore. Sir S. Radhakrishnan writes on *Most Dear to all the Muses*, and Aurobindo Bose on *Tagore and the Religious Background of India*. All who have drunk deeply of Tagore's spirit will be grateful for these articles. Emil Brunner has a brief but important comment on Karl Barth's critical article in a previous issue. In a few terse sentences Brunner pin-points the grave issues involved in Barth's neutralist and pacifist attitude in the contemporary world. Dr. T. A. Roberts writes vigorously and convincingly on *The Relevance of Liberal Christianity*, a heartening article to all troubled liberals. "... the Church will need men of the intellectual calibre of the nineteenth-century Liberals, men daring and courageous enough to accept new knowledge from any quarter, and capable of rethinking the Christian message in the light of this new knowledge." Dr. John Hayward has wise and illuminating words to say on *Evolution as a Theological Symbol*, and Dr. G. W. Butterworth has sombre thoughts to express on *Christian Reason*: "It is time Christians awoke, and their leaders pointed out ways that could bring people to unity in Jesus Christ". The two succeeding articles, *Freedom and Immortality* (Professor I. T. Ramsey) and *Wordsworth and Pre-existence* (H. Rossiter-Smith) will be read carefully by those interested in the titles. Wordsworth's beliefs on the question under discussion have been much misunderstood, but here is a study of real value on the matter. The present writer finds himself greatly indebted to this treatment. Among the reviewers the Editor's comments on the New English Bible must not be missed. He is of opinion that the translators have sacrificed everything to liveliness and readability, one consequence of which will almost certainly be that their labours will eventually prove ephemeral. Altogether, an important and enlightening number. H.C.

MUSIC IN THE CHURCH

By Laurence J. Ling

5. ANTHEMS

66 IN choirs and places where they sing, here followeth the anthem." So states the book of Common Prayer, and in numerous churches, particularly in the Free Churches, an anthem generally forms part of the service. An anthem should bring hearing beauty to worship, just as architecture should bring seeing beauty to worship and thus whenever anthems are used they should try to raise us from earth to heaven. Far better have one anthem a month well done, than to scamp through one (sometimes two) each week.

The choice of an anthem not only depends upon the size of the choir but also upon the type of service. Obviously one must follow the seasons of the Christian year but there are many of a general nature, suitable for other times. There is no shortage of anthems either loose anthems or in volumes, easy or difficult, and a good selection should be in the cupboard in the choir vestry. However, one should always be on the lookout for new work and most music publishers will gladly supply on approval a selection of anthems for any size of choir. It is a good plan to make your wants known to a music publisher for I have always found that they will take infinite pains to see that you have exactly what you want.

However, this raises two difficulties. One is finance. Some Churches are generous in their allowance to the choir while others are not. I have been in churches where they have allowed up to £30 per annum for choir music while in another

(Continued on page 95)

THE CALENDAR OF THE CHURCHES

SUNDAY, AUGUST 20, 1961

ABERDEEN, Unitarian Church, Stone Street, 11 and 6, Supply
 AMERYTOWN, New Street Meeting House, 11, Rev. J. H. CORAM DAVIS
 ALFORD, Unitarian Church, Knowley Road, 11.15 and 3, Rev. B. ORA
 ALFORD, Unitarian Church, 11, Lay Preacher, 6.30, Mr. HAROLD B. MOORE
 ARLEY, Unitarian Chapel, Manchester Road, 6.30, Supply
 BATH, Tyne Street Chapel, Unitarian, 11, Rev. SYDNEY SPENCER
 BELFAST, All Saints, Elmwood Avenue, 11.30 and 7, Dr. A. L. AGNEW
 BELFAST, First Church, Rosemary Street, 11.30, Rev. Dr. D. FRAZER-HURST
 BELFAST, Old Meeting House, 11, Rev. R. H. BARKER
 BELLINGHAM, First Church, High Street, 11, Rev. W. M. LONG
 BIRMINGHAM, Unitarian Church, Clive Road, 6.30 (August 27) Mr. F. A. FITZPATRICK
 BIRMINGHAM, Church of the Messiah, Broad Street, 11, Mr. D. G. WICKHAM-BROOKS, 6.30, Rev. H. L. SMYTH
 BIRMINGHAM, Warley Road, Church and Hurst Street Mission, Small Heath, 6.30, Rev. JOYCE HADLEY-BURST
 BLACKFRIAR, North Shore, Latham Road, 10.45 and 6.30, Mr. E. A. WEST
 BLACKFRIAR, South Shore, Dutton Road, 11 and 6.30, Mr. FRANK LOUIS
 BURNLEY, Bank Street, 2.30, Sunday School, 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. E. SHIRVELL PRICE
 BURNLEY, Unitarian Church, Dutton Road, 10.30 and 6.30, Supply
 BURNLEY (Lancs), Unitarian Chapel, Spital Lane, 6.30, Rev. HENRY HALL
 BURNLEY, Unitarian Church, West Hill Road, 11, Rev. S. P. WHITINGHAM
 BURNLEY, Broadway Avenue, 3.15, Rev. J. HOSKINS
 BURNLEY, Town Hall Square, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. FRANK A. BULLOCK
 BURNLEY, Christ Church, Dauntsey Street, 3, Sunday School, 6.30, Rev. W. M. MILLAR
 BURNLEY, Unitarian Chapel, 11, Vacancy
 BURNLEY, Christ Church, Unitarian, New Road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. JOHN ROWLAND
 BURNLEY, Lewis's Head Meeting, 6.30, Rev. F. W. BARR
 BURNLEY, Oakfield Road, 11, Rev. F. W. BARR, 6.30, Mr. R. L. NICHOLSON
 BURNLEY, Bank Street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. F. M. RYAN
 CANNING, Mansfield Church, Elmwood Road, 11, Rev. Dr. H. C. MERRIV
 CANNING, The West Grove Unitarian Church, 6.30, Rev. T. J. JONES
 CHATHAM, The Church of the Great Companions, Hammond Hill, 3, Rev. A. PRITCHARD
 CHATHAM, Rayfield Unitarian Church, Royal Well, 11, Sunday School, 6.30
 Rev. JOHN M. QUINN
 CHESTER, Matthew Henry's Chapel, Trinity Street, 11, Rev. E. H. SHAW, 6.30, Mr. G. CHAD
 CHESTERFIELD, Elder Yard Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30, Miss ELIZABETH PLEMMER
 CHESTERFIELD, Unitarian Church, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. KENNETH TOWN
 COVENTRY, Great Meeting House, Holyhead Road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. H. MORRIS
 COVENTRY, First Christian Church, Beach Street, 6.30, Supply
 COVENTRY, Unitarian Church, Hermitage Street, 11 and 6.30, Mrs. M. R. DICKIN
 COVENTRY, Unitarian and Free Christian Church, Friends Road, 11, Miss E. M. BUTCHER
 DENTON, Wilson Street Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Supply
 DERRY, First Gate, Unitarian Chapel, 6.30, Mr. J. GREGORY
 DRYGELLA, Old Meeting House, 10.45, Mr. C. S. DENNIS
 DUNCASTER, Free Christian Church, Hall Gate, 11 and 6.30, Mr. PETER WHITHAM
 DUNCASTER, Unitarian Church, 11, Sunday School, 6.30, Rev. PHILIP C. WHITHAM
 DUNCASTER, Stephen's Green West, 11.30 and 7.30, Rev. E. SAVELL HICKS
 DUNCASTER, Old Meeting House, Waterhouse Street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. N. KIRKHAM
 DUNDEE, Old Chapel, Chapel Hill, 10.45 and 6.30, Student
 DUNDEE, Unitarian Church, 51, Constitution Road, 11, Rev. D. WENTON
 DUNDEE, St. Mark's Church, Castle Terrace, 11, Rev. BRUCE PLOW
 EASTON, George's Meeting, South Street, 6.30 (next Service September 1961)
 GOSPORT, Holy Chapel, 11.30, 6.30, Rev. J. HARRY SMITH
 GLASGOW, St. Vincent Street, Unitarian Church, 11, Rev. ALLEN KIRBY
 GLASGOW, Franklin Street, 2, Sunday School, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. W. H. CORRIE
 GLASGOW, Burton Street, 3, Rev. JOHN M. QUINN
 GLASGOW, Meadow Chapel (Farncombe), 6.30 (next Service September 3)
 GLASGOW, Ward Street Chapel, 11 (next Service September 3)
 HALF CHURCH, Hale Road, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. GUY J. PRICE
 HALIFAX, Northgate End, 6.30, Rev. FRANK WALKER
 HALIFAX, First Church, South Street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. REED WALKER
 HAREFIELD, Great Meeting, Broom Lane, 11 and 6, Student
 HAREFIELD, Worthing Road, 11, Mr. T. HOLT
 HAREFIELD, Fitzwilliam Street (next Service August 27th)
 HILL, Unitarian Church, Park Street, 6.30, Supply (also 11, every 1st and 3rd Sunday)
 HUNLEY, Unitarian Church, Joseph Street, Leeds, 6.30, Mr. S. THOMAS
 KENDAL, Mark of Place, Unitarian Chapel, 6.30, Rev. T. E. NUTTALL
 KENDAL, New Meeting House, 11 and 6.30, Mr. and Mrs. C. HUMPHREYS and Mr. E. CARLEY
 KENDAL, South Street Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. ALBERT SMITH
 LANCASTER, St. Nicholas Street Chapel, 6.30, Supply
 LEEDS, Mill Hill Chapel, City Square, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. ERNEST PENN
 LEEDS, Northgate Road, 11, Junior Church, 6.30, Supply
 LEEDS, The Great Meeting, East Bond Street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. B. DOWNING
 LEEDS, Wenden Chapel, 11, Rev. BOB VINEY
 LINCOLN, High Street, Unitarian Chapel, 6.30, Rev. H. W. KIMBALL
 LINCOLN, Avenue Chapel of Youth, 11 and 6.30, Rev. Dr. P. N. TINDALL
 LINCOLN, South First Church, 11, Rev. C. A. POPE
 LINCOLN, Thomas Watson, Mill Street, 6.30, Rev. J. KIM MURDEN
 LINCOLN, Gainsborough, 11, Supply
 LINCOLN, Hamilton Road, Epworth, 3, Sunday School, 6.30, Rev. C. A. POPE
 LINCOLN, Hope Street, 6.30, Mr. E. E. LLOYD
 LINCOLN, Ulster Road, 11, Rev. J. KIM MURDEN
 LINCOLN, Bell Street, Epworth Road, 6 (no service during August)
 LINCOLN, Blackfriars Mission and Standard Street Chapel, 6.30, Mr. R. H. CORRIE
 LINCOLN, Station, Elms Road, 11, Rev. E. G. LEE
 LINCOLN, Jesus Church, Palace Gardens Terrace, Nottm Hill Gate, 11, Supply
 LINCOLN, Fosse Gate, Upper Lane, 11, Supply
 LINCOLN, Golden Gate, Upper Lane, 6.30, Mr. A. K. ROSE
 LINCOLN, Bradmore, New Grand Pit Chapel, Chatham Place, 11 (Family Service), Mr. G. E. PRITCHETT
 LINCOLN, Ramsgate, Ramsgate Hill, 11, Rev. DONALD P. MAW
 LINCOLN, Mill Hill Road, 11, Sunday School, 6.30, Mr. G. E. PRITCHETT
 LINCOLN, Aldgate, Upper Street, 6.30 (school during August)
 LINCOLN, Kilburn Unitarian Church, Owen Road, 11 (school for August)
 LINCOLN, Levensham Unitarian Church, High Street, 11, Dr. MARTHA HALL
 LINCOLN, St. Andrew's Church, Bedford Green, 6.30, Rev. T. E. JONES
 LINCOLN, Richmond Free Church, Oswald Road, 11, Rev. A. PRITCHETT
 LINCOLN, Second Unitarian Church, Fosse Hall (opposite Law Courts), 6.30, Dr. MARTHA HALL
 LINCOLN, St. Andrew's, West Hill Lane, Unitarian Church, 6.30, Rev. R. H. CORRIE
 LINCOLN, Woodhouse Unitarian Church, East Hill, 11, Mr. A. G. TARRANT (also 6.30 1st Sunday in the month)
 LINCOLN, White Unitarian Church of Harrogate, Rensley Hill, 2nd and 4th Sundays, & Rev. T. E. JONES

LONDON, Wood Green, Unity Church, Newham Road, 3, (Junior Church) Mr. JOHN WILSON
 LUTON, St. Andrew (Amdell), Channing Road, 11, Rev. E. W. DRAIN
 MACCLESFIELD, King Edward Street, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. PETER JONES
 MACKAY, Unitarian Church, Market Buildings, 6.30, Mrs. MURIEL HILTON
 MANCHESTER, Blackley, Unitarian Church, Chapel Lane, 6.30, Supply
 MANCHESTER, Cross Street Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. J. E. TOWN
 MANCHESTER, Fallowfield, Dob Lane Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. DONALD MILLS
 MANCHESTER, Gorton, Brookfield Church, Hyde Road, 10.45 and 6.30, Mr. F. G. MASON
 MANCHESTER, Monton Church, Eccles, 10.45 and 6.30, Supply
 MANCHESTER, Pendleton Unitarian, Cross Lane, 6.30, Supply
 MANCHESTER, Platt Chapel, Rusholme, 6.30, Rev. C. H. BARTLEY
 MANCHESTER, Renshaw Street, Mission, 6.30, Supply
 MANCHESTER, Stand Chapel, Whitefield, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. SYDNEY H. KNIGHT
 MANCHESTER, Withington Road, Chorlton-on-Medley, 11, Supply
 MANCHESTER, Wythenshawe, Unitarian Church, Broadway Road, Buncill, 6.30, Rev. JOHN GILL
 MARPLE, Old Meeting House, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. KENNETH SHEPHERD
 MARPLE, Unitarian Hall, 31, Stockport Road, 11, each Sunday
 MESSINGHAM, Free Christian Church, 6.30, Rev. LAWRENCE HALLWORTH
 NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, The Church of the Divine Unity, Ellison Place, 11 and 6.30, Rev. JOHN PATTON
 NEWBURGH (Rosedale), Bethelham, Unitarian Church, 10.30 and 6, Rev. JOHN MATHER
 NEWPORT, Isle of Wight, High Street, 6.30, Mr. DEREK STEPHAN
 NORTHAMPTON, Kettering Road, 11, Rev. H. E. SMITH
 NORTHWICH, Oldham Chapel, Colgate, 11, Rev. J. A. KENNEDY
 NOTTINGHAM, High Pavement Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30, Mr. LEONARD SMITH
 OLDERSY, Unitarian Church, Birmingham Street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. HAROLD A. GORE
 OLDHAM, Lord Street Chapel, 10.45, Miss A. MIDDLETON, 6.30, Mr. P. LITTLEWOOD
 OXFORD, Mansfield College Chapel, 11.30 (next Service September 3rd)
 PLYMOUTH, North Unitarian Church, Keston Hill, 10.30 and 6, Rev. J. McCLELLAND
 PLYMOUTH, Park Lane Chapel, Mr. WIGAN, 11 and 6.30, Rev. GORDON I. CLARKE
 PLYMOUTH, Unitarian Church, Ness Street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. R. BLACKBURN
 PLYMOUTH, Unitarian Church, Hill Street, 11, Junior Church, 6.30, Rev. J. W. DUNNELL
 PORTSMOUTH, John Pount's Memorial Church, High Street, 11, Junior Church, 6.30, Rev. JOHN R. STURGES
 PRESTON, Unitarian Chapel, Church Street, 6.30, Rev. L. HALL
 REINGWORTH, Harts, The Meeting House, 11, Supply
 REINGWORTH, Chapel, Mr. HURWILL, Lanes, 3, Rev. E. I. PRITCHARD
 RICHMOND, Blackwater Street, 10.30 and 6 (next Service August 27)
 ROTHERHAM, Church of Our Father, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. ERIC PHILLIPS
 SALE, Aldham Road, 11, Rev. JOHN GILL
 SCARBOROUGH, Unitarian Church, Westborough, 7, Rev. W. T. WILKIN
 SCARFOLD, Attercliffe, 6.30 (no service during August)
 SHEFFIELD, Fulwood Old Chapel, 11, Rev. F. BARR MORGAN
 SHEFFIELD, Unity Church, Crookham Road, 11, Mr. J. WOODHAM
 SHEFFIELD, Upper Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. G. STANLEY WHITBY
 SHEFFIELD, High Street, Unitarian, 11, Supply
 SOUTHEND, Old Meeting House, Unitarian, High Street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. GORDON I. STUART
 SOUTHAMPTON, Church of the Saviour, London Road, 11, Councillor W. F. COOK
 SOUTHEND-ON-SEA, Darley Road, 6.30, Mrs. J. WILLIAMS
 SOUTHPORT, Unitarian Church, Portland Street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. M. BROWN
 STOCKPORT, Unitarian Church, St. Peter's Gate, 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. ARTHUR H. TREV
 ST. HELENA, Corporation Street, 6.30, Supply
 STOCKPORT-ON-TYNE, Wallington Street, 6.30, Rev. A. D. WILLIAMS (also 11, Second Sunday in the month)
 STURROCK, Presbyterian Unitarian Chapel, 11, Rev. C. SMITH
 SWANSEA, Former Free Christian Meeting House, 11 (next Service September 3rd)
 SWANSEA, Unitarian Church, High Street, 6.30, Rev. L. BAKER SMITH (also 11, First Sunday in the month)
 SWINTON, Swinton Hall Road, 6.30, Lay Preacher
 TANTON, Mary St. Chapel, 11, Rev. W. M. MILLAR
 TANTON, Old Meeting House, Ashford Road, 6.30, Mr. S. R. MARTIN
 TANTON, Unitarian Church, 10.45 and 6, Mr. J. C. FURBER
 TANTON, Unity Church off The Terrace, 11, Rev. CHARLES EASTON
 THORNTON, Congregational Unitarian Church, 6, Rev. SYDNEY SPENCER
 WALLACE, Memorial Church, Water Road, 11, Mr. L. EVANS, 6.30, Rev. E. H. SEAW
 WALLACE, Union Free Church, Bedford Street, 11, Rev. R. J. WILKINSON, 2.30 Sunday School (service, 6.30, last Sunday in month)
 WARRINGTON, City Street, 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. ERIC WILD
 WARRICK, Unitarian Church, High Street, 7, Rev. H. WOODHEAD
 WATFORD, Friends' House, Church Road (by permission), 7.30 (last Sunday in the month)
 WEST BROMWICH, Lodge Road, 10.45, Children's Church, 6.30, Rev. R. J. WILKINSON
 WEST KIDDER, Brookfield Gardens, 11, Mr. F. FITZPATRICK (also 6.30, First Sunday in the month)
 WHITBY, Flowergate, 2.30, Rev. W. T. WILKIN
 WHITBY, Dean Row, 10.45, Mr. F. KENNEDY, 6.30 (no service)
 YORK, St. Salvator's Chapel, 6.30 (next Service August 27th)
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 MONTREAL, Church of the Messiah, Sherbrooke Street West and Tupper Street, 11, Rev. LEONARD MAW
 TORONTO, First Unitarian Church, 175 St. Clair Avenue West, 11, Rev. JOHN H. MASON
 VANCOUVER, B.C., Unitarian Church of Vancouver, 1750 South Avenue West, 9.30 and 11, Rev. A. P. HENRY

NEW ZEALAND
 AUCKLAND, Unitarian Church, Parnsey Road, 10.30, Children's Programme, 2, Mr. M. J. WILSON
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Miscellaneous

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(Continued from page 94)

church it was difficult to get them to part with £2 per annum. Yet both expected a high standard. Again, some churches specify no set sum, which leaves the organist or choirmaster in some difficulty. I would suggest that this question is settled clearly and the Church Treasurer pay to a Choir Treasurer a settled sum so that everyone knows the position.

This second difficulty is over the selection of work to be done. In every church there is always someone who resents any new pieces and seems quite happy singing the same old music year in and year out. "All in the April Evening" must be sung on the first Sunday of April and "O Thou that bringest good tidings" on the first Sunday in Advent! Here great tact is required from the organist who must gently but firmly persuade these folk that even old work was once new. A choir committee (how Churches love committees!) could well be formed to select anthems two months ahead and plan for new work.

When faced with new music, let the choir first of all read the words through aloud several times to get their feel. Find out what they are saying, where emphasis should fall and where the climax comes. It will not take long and at the same time pronunciation can be checked. Then let the choir (S.A.T.B.) sing the words to a common chord—the key note of the anthem. This will help the feel of the words to the music. Then let the choir hum the music without the words, taking each part alone if need be and going over any difficult passages to correct any faults. All this should be done without piano accompaniment. With poor sight readers it may be difficult and very slow but one can never make good sight readers if they are relying upon the piano—leaving upon it—all the time.

When this has been done the third stage can be started with the beauty of the words and music combined together with the piano played softly. If the previous work has been well done no difficulty should be experienced. All this will take most of the practice time so leave it for now and return about the following week. Do not attempt too much each time for the choir will only get stale and dispirited. That is why one must plan ahead. A new anthem may take five or six weeks

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Death

ROSLINGHAM: On August 2nd, 1961, at 8 Barchcroft Lane, Ringwood, Hants, Florence Roslingham, wife of the late Reverend Herbert John Roslingham, M.A., B.D., aged 64 years.

Induction

The Induction of the Rev. James McClelland, B.A., as minister of the Nazareth Chapel, Padstow, will take place on Saturday, Aug. 26th, at 3 p.m. Friends and visitors are cordially invited.

practice but as the choir become more proficient in sight reading so it will speed things up.

A run through in church with the organ should always precede performance. If someone has a tape recorder this is a great help in hearing what the choir will sound like to the congregation.

Don't neglect unaccompanied anthems. Even with a very small choir, simple anthems can be sung well without an organ or piano and it is a relief to the congregation to hear voices only. Solos and duets can also be used—particularly in holiday times when attendances are likely to be small. In churches where there are a good number of junior church members it is often possible to have a small choir from them to make a change in the services and they are usually keen to sing. Although often it has to be union anthems or at most two-part ones, it allows the choir to have a Sunday off and this is most valuable to them (as to the organist—see my previous article).

To the Church generally I would ask that you will support your choir by attending the services. Let the church feel a debt of gratitude to the members for their services which are usually unpaid. Why not a Sunday set aside for "Choir Sunday" when special music can be arranged and an appropriate address given. Perhaps the collection on that Sunday could be added to the choir fund to purchase new music or the very useful tape recorder? Pray for your choir—those who give work by work their talents and think how much you would miss your services without their work.

Next time I hope to write about Vespers and Responses.